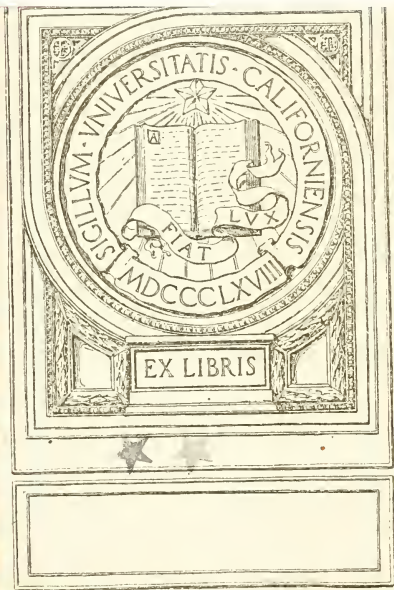




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JOTTINGS FROM RUSSIA.

[The following are extracts from letters of Charles Palache, '91, who has been attending the International Geological Convention at St. Petersburg, as the representative of Harvard University. As the title indicates they are hasty notes made *en route*, with no thought of publication, and with little or no chance for revision.—Ed.]

Moscow, July 28, 1897.

AT LAST we are across the border into the New World that has aroused so much expectation in us all, and perhaps not a little fear as well. So far our experiences have been only of the pleasantest, and the auguries seem good for our further advance. And now I am in Moscow, a fact of which I have constantly to reassure myself, so unreal and impossible does it seem. Here at last is a city that does not disappoint one's expectations, but even far surpasses our wildest dreams. Strange and new in every feature, new architectural forms, new people and customs, and above all, a richness of coloring that quite defies description, and is the most impressive feature of the scene. Last evening in the long fading light of the northern summer day, I stepped within the walls of the Kremlin with B. and for a few moments we stopped in wonder. It was a feast of color. On either hand, large palaces of a buff colored stucco framed a church and cloister in front. The cloister was of a faint pinkish color, also in stucco, its roof of a tender green which is nearly the green of old copper, but still different, and above that rose a cluster of the bulbous domes so characteristic of the country, covered with polished gold, and here part of them with a deep blue that seemed in the soft light like richest plush. I was continually surprised to find such harmony among such apparently harsh combinations. But every turn showed us new vistas, each with a new or greater charm. Here the famous great bell Ivan, there and on every side, church after church, each with its cluster of gilded domes, each surmounted with the Greek cross. Finally the parapet where we could look off across the Moskawa river to the city beyond with its countless domes and spires all gilded and shining in the fading light. The impressions of that first real sight of Russia are deep and lasting in my memory.

But I must tell you how we got there. We awaked to find ourselves in Warsaw early Sunday morning. We passed clear around the city in our car, going from one depot to another, and saw the situation on the Vistula and the strong fortifications which surround it on every hand. Our baggage deposited in the station, we walked up into the town, crossing the long bridge over the Vistula and passing through winding streets to a hotel, where we should spend the night. On the whole we found Warsaw without great interest other than that which lies in her varied and war-filled history. There are few remarkable memorials of the past, no collections, no great palaces. It was the street life that was the main attraction, and that was very lively and interesting. The Polish type is attractive, still thoroughly European, but better than expected. There were more good-looking and well-dressed women on the streets than I have seen before for many a day. It seems strange to have so many memorials of Dresden in this out-of-the-way place. But you know the Saxon kings held the Polish crown for a time, and left many monuments behind. The main park is the Saxon garden, delightfully laid out in the center of the city. The same Count Bruehl, who left his name in Dresden, has left here a great palace, and in other ways one associated what one saw with the Saxon capital. We heard an excellent concert by a large symphony orchestra in the evening in a little garden in the open air out in the suburbs. You see in the programme, with the Russian and Polish side by side, how much alike the two languages must be when spoken. The next morning, Monday, found us at the station together, with forty other members of the Congress ready to take the train to Moscow. Of this trip of 800 miles, requiring twenty-nine hours, there is not so very much to say. Our train was an express, but we seemed to stop at most of the stations. The carriages were of all classes, but better than the German ones in being made with corridors, so that one could go from car to car quite unhindered. Moreover, the conductors or guards paid no attention to one's movements, and one could get off at stations or move about the train almost as freely as in America, which was a tremendous relief in a long journey.

The country is a plains country, like our prairies in some parts, but different in being for great stretches covered with forests of birch, pines or oak, and in being well watered and wonderfully green and fresh in those parts used for pasture. The harvest of grain was in full swing, all hand-reaped by what seems a very scanty population.

Moscow, July 29, 1897.

Yesterday was a busy and pleasant day. We had to go to the bank for money, the first thing, and as the banks do not open until ten o'clock, there was time to kill. So I wandered about the Market, taking photos of the peasants with their vegetables heaped high on curious wagons, and of many of the fine horses with their strange gear that are to be seen on every hand. By the time we had obtained our money and paid for the Ural excursion at the Congress bureau, the morning was gone. We lunched at the Eremitage restaurant in true Russian style, waited on by men, for once not in the conventional dress coat, but clad all in white, full trowsers, a long white blouse with a sort of cord belt of magenta color on which hang their corkscrew, purse, etc. The lunch was also Russian enough with Caviar, Russian white wine and Russian cigarettes, the mutton cutlets being more ordinary. Lunch over, we joined a crowd at the University for the first excursion. One hundred and fifty strong, we steamed away up into and through the Kremlin, down to and across the river and on to a canal where a steamer awaited us. Half an hour's steaming up the river, which winds along with a low meadow bank on one side and a steep escarpment thickly clad with birches and dotted with villas on the other brought us to our landing place, and we walked up through the woods to a restaurant which crowns the heights. The geology shown us was practically nothing, and in that respect the excursion was really absurd; but the view from that portico was incomparable. A foreground of green meadow land with forest masses on either hand and in the more distant center framed the great city with its innumerable spires and domes, campaniles and gates,—the great dome of the Saviour Cathedral like a golden globe glittering in the center. There was little

detail to be seen except in one or two monasteries which lay far out of the city, and with their strange forms of dome and church and brilliant coloring, gave life to the scene. The total effect was wonderful, fairy like, a dream of the East, and I was not sorry to sit there till evening, watching the shadows slowly creep upon the distant city. Our point of view was called the Sparrow Hills. Here I met Prof. Lawson just arrived in Moscow.

Post Riajsk July 31, 1897.

We are on our way to the Ural at last, well on our way in fact, since the first night is past. We are in the midst of a boundless plain, level as the prairie; the horizon broken by occasional patches of forest or the dome of a village church. The forest is mostly birch, the Russian national tree. The harvest of grain, Egyptian corn, (Brosso), or potatoes, is mostly harvested, and the yellow stubble fields dotted with cocks of grain sheafs, are only broken by the brown of the summer-fallowed portions. A village is near at hand; low mud, (adobe) huts, heavily thatched with straw, straggle along on either side of one long street. A few trees, generally one or more four-armed wind mills to grind the grist, and for the rest, the one-horse wagons bringing in the grain to the stacks; a field of buckwheat white in blossom—a single peasant woman trudging along the dusty road, legs to the knees wrapped about with gray cloth, the feet in grass sandals with cross lacings, the chief garment, a long coat of yellowish color with a bright red border, and on the head a gay handkerchief. Thus a bit of living color in the monotonous and dreary scene. Our train is a special one of about twelve cars to contain our two hundred excursionists. The cars are both first and second class, the former painted in bright blue, the latter in yellow. The arrangements of both are the same, fairly good for this country, but nothing to boast of.

Batraki near Syczan on the Volga, August 1, 1897.

We reached here early this morning after the second night out from Moscow. After our breakfast of dry bread and tea (clear, weak and with lemon in true Russian fashion) and after

a muster of our large crowd of excursionists for the purpose of explaining our day's trip, we all tramped down to the banks of the Volga and boarded the paddle-wheeled tug-boat which awaited us. After the long and dusty journey by rail, it was a great delight to get out into the fresh air of the river; and I sat surrounded by several congenial friends, high in the bow, breathing in the pure air, and singing out of pure exuberance of spirits. We went down stream for an hour, passing on the bank two of the simple Russian villages crowded with Sunday holiday visitors, all in their bright red frocks and queer sandals or high felt boots. We landed on the bank at the base of a high bluff whose rocks were full of fossils, whose striking similarity to those Prof. Lawson and I had laboriously collected at home, added another feature to the many that reminded us of California. It was a warm day, the sky filled with floating white clouds, the hills round about bare and brown and the roads deep in dust, so that it was very easy to imagine ourselves in the California foothills. But the aspect of the people quite banished the analogy; especially when on our return, we met the oddly-shaped boats crowded to the brim with the scarlet-frocked, bearded fellows, their one lanteen sail filled to the gentle down stream breeze. We Americans (half a dozen at least) left the crowd on landing and hurried off to the luxury of a bath,—the first in many days, and not less delightful than necessary. This past, we searched for fossils and soon whiled away the two hours before return. At 2:30 we got back to "breakfast," which was served on tables set in box cars (freight cars), which are doubtless to be our traveling restaurants from now on. The afternoon was spent in a second excursion up stream, where we again bathed, and where I took my first lesson in swimming (imagine in the Volga), which I am determined shall not be my last.

Our crowd is overwhelmingly German, two-thirds at least. Some twenty-five Americans, ten English, six Italians, six French, six Mexicans, two Japanese, ten Russians, and the rest of German speaking races, make a rough estimate of our varied party. So far all has gone well, and the splendid organ-

ization of the arrangements bespeaks a prospect of a pleasant journey.

The Volga is here a large river, but hardly impresses one as so great as the largest river in Europe should be. It is, perhaps, half a mile wide, but not uniformly deep, and in many places is cut up by sand banks into many channels. The water is dirty brown, not muddy, but discolored and runs at a goodly rate. There is much traffic on its surface—huge barges towed up and down by paddle-wheeled steamers, large passenger steamers, smaller sailing craft, and lastly, huge rafts of timber flitted out for the long journey they make with little houses, and provided with huge rudders to guide them in the winding channel. On the whole, Central Russia makes a pleasant impression on the passer-by. A purely agricultural country and seemingly not very thickly inhabited, it seems to be fairly fertile, and gives a fair return to the peasant labor. These are a rather poor and stupid looking lot on the whole, but seem happy and not discontented. Their raiment is poor, often ragged, but whether this is due to poverty, I do not know. Coarse features are the rule, and short, stout figures. The hair, red or black—often in heavy beards, and the head crowned with a heavy mop, falling to the same length all around with curious effect.

When we left the supper station last evening, we Americans got together and gave them three times three Rahs! and a "Rossia" on the end. The huge crowd of Monjiks who had gathered to see us eat and depart seemed pleased and amused, and as our train pulled out, returned our cheer with interest though not in concert, their cry being apparently much like our Hurrah! It was pleasantly done and well meant.

Wiazovayah, August 7, 1897.

You don't know what a curious feeling of unreality there was about receiving your letter last night in this so out of the way corner of the world. Here we are in the midst of the Urals, seemingly cut off entirely from civilization, for none of us have heard a word of what is going on outside of our train since

we left Moscow. And still your letter comes to me from far off California, your familiar address unaltered, as simply as though I were in my room at Cambridge. Thank you for making this connecting link for me. Monday we had a glorious day on the Volga, starting from the big trading city of Samara, going up stream with two landings—lunch on board and after a bath, returning in the evening amid the most magnificent coloring I have ever seen. During the night we went on again, and in the morning made a short halt for an excursion, then on again to Oufa where we arrived about three in the afternoon. Carriages were here awaiting us, and we went off in long procession through crowds of peasants staring with good natured curiosity, through streets in which each house bore flags of welcome, through a gaily flagged triumphal arch to the top of the hill, where, escorted by hundreds of the inhabitants we saw the geology. We were already in a country of Tartars—more properly *Tatars*—fine strong fellows with distinctly Mongolian features. Thence we drove to the Town Museum, where a most hospitable reception awaited us from the local officers. Champagne was passed and we drank the toast offered by the President of the Museum, which was answered by our American, Dr. James Hall, the patriarch of our flock. Thence to a bath in the river, tea in the station garden, (the omnipresent, “tchai” which is always in order in Russia), and so to bed.

The next morning, Wednesday, found us at Acha, a tiny station, but really in the Urals for the first time. From here we walked along the railway some ten or twelve miles through the very pretty valley of the Sim to Miniär. The scenery reminds one of the Santa Cruz Mountains, though not quite so bold. It was a very hot day, and you may believe we were not sorry to find half way a huge “deposit” of beer and soda water (gift of the foundry and mine people of Miniär), cool and good, with which to eat our cold lunch. Our meals were at all hours that day, the main meal was eaten at about 4 o’clock on our arrival at Miniär; but not before having had a bath in the river. After that we walked up to the town (the railway stations are nearly always from two to four miles from the town

for military reasons), saw the big iron foundry, climbed one of the neighboring hills for a widespread view and walked back in the falling darkness through the wide streets of the town, in which stood all the population. We were glad to get to the train, and after "tchai" to crawl into our bunks.

Thursday was in a way a repetition of the previous day, but with more pronounced hospitality and more enjoyment. Reaching the station Simskaia in the early morning (the distances we move ahead each day are small, and so the train remains still all night, thus giving us a good sleep). We took a short walk to see the geological section there, and then by droschke and by tramway (a five-mile road built for our convenience!) we were taken to the town of Simsk, where is a second large iron foundry. Here we were ushered into the large house of the proprietor and into the garden, where we found a huge pavilion decorated with flags of all nations and with fragrant evergreens, erected for our entertainment. Wine, beer, drinks of all sorts were served by the hostess and her daughters, and the host and his brother officers were everywhere with smiling faces and urgent hospitality. Reluctantly leaving the tables we took a glorious walk up the canyon near at hand; climbed the highest hill and drank in the view of mountain, valley, lake and town. I may as well say that so far the geology has been of little special interest to me, as it has dealt wholly with fossils and stratified rock. In two or three days we will come into regions where minerals and volcanic rocks play their part. At present I learn more by going out with Prof. Lawson and other Americans to the summits, from which we study the forms in a more general way.

Returning we had a glorious bath in the clear cold water of the lake, and were then taken to the house, where there was singing by the ladies and others. But dinner was the event, and we were soon all in the pavilion—careless of a heavy passing thunder storm and occupied to the full with a fine meal with only too much wine as accompaniment. Soup, delicious fish, fowl and roast, all with strange flavors but good. Toasts were offered by the representatives of most of the nations, the

Italians being far the best, in delivery at least. The Americans raised a cheer for the host and Russia, and sang "For He Is a Jolly Good Fellow." The Germans and Russians sang national songs in turn—some music was introduced, and after the lively ones had each had a turn with the ladies of the place and the excursion, some peasants (two men) gave us a Russian dance. Then all sang the grand hymn of "God Bless the Noble Czar"—and we rode off under the stars for the train again. *Such is geology in the Urals!*

Friday morning we found ourselves in a pouring rain, true Ural weather. So out came high boots and waterproofs and we all turned out for a seven mile tramp along the railroad to Oust-Kataff. Here again in a gaily decorated pavilion was a breakfast prepared by local officials. The usual Russian "preparatory snacks" consisting of caviar, salt fish, cheese, etc.; and then the meal of fish pie, cold suckling-pig with a sauce of sour cream and horse-radish, pickled cucumbers, cake and oranges and lastly *boiled cauliflower and beans!* You may imagine that beer and wine are more or less necessary to carry off such a meal. Then came a walk to the town, as usual three or four miles away—fossil hunting—mutual staring competition between excursionists and natives who followed us by hundreds—a German tries to ride and dislocate his elbow, thus increasing the number in the hospital car. Return at dusk to dinner in the restaurant train, "tchai" and bed.

This morning we are in the station of Wiazovayah, and while the party makes a short local excursion I am writing in the station. Presently we take wagons for a thirty-mile drive to the iron mines of Bakal, where we spend the night. The rain still hangs over and the warmest clothing we have is not too warm for comfort.

I hardly need to emphasize, after the above narrative, the wonderful hospitality that we are receiving on every hand. When we remember that we are really "dead-heads" it is almost humiliating to see the way we are greeted on every side. Officials salute us, peasants uncover as we pass, all show the liveliest interest in making us comfortable and at home.

[*To be continued.*]

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The magazine is on sale at Bancroft's and Abbott's in Berkeley; at the Students' Co-operative Store; Smith's in Oakland, and at Doxey's in San Francisco.

M. BRUNETIERE, the eminent French critic and editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who has recently been lecturing in America, pays a high compliment to President Gilman's work in the organization of Johns Hopkins University. "When the endowment was made," he says, "they went to the remotest part of California, . . . to look for a former professor of Yale, Mr. Daniel Gilman. . . . With the correctness of eye, and the rapidity of decision which are his characteristic traits and make him an eminent man, Mr. Gilman acknowledged that the occasion was unique. He saw that in a city like Baltimore, if one had the good sense to waste

rage for "My Aunt Bridget" and "Charley's Aunt" has had a bad effect on those in New York who train for genteel comedy.

As a whole, however, the play was well staged and well acted. The success of the performance—the audience stayed to applaud it heartily at the end—made one wish that it might be the first of many such revivals, and that Professor Syle, or someone as skilful, as he, might be the adapter for a professional company.

GEO. P. BAKER.

[—The Editor expresses his thanks to Professor Baker of Harvard for his kindness in sending this account of the play.]

JOTTINGS FROM RUSSIA.

[From the letters of Charles Palache, '91.]

II.

Slatoonst, August 9th, 1897.

ARRIVED here early this morning, we made an excursion to study the hills between the station and the town, and having lost the excursion and returned to the station with an hour before lunch, I sit down for a little chat. As I said in my last, we have had a two days' trip away from the railroad. And such a trip as it was ! At last I know what it really is to travel in Russian vehicles, and have a keen sense of "Ural weather." About noon (by local time, which is two hours in advance of the St. Petersburg time by which we eat, sleep and travel,) the crowd of travelers distributed themselves by twos in the strange looking vehicles which had been waiting about all morning. Imagine a long buck-board, the platform made of springy birch-poles with wide interspaces, mounted on rather low wheels, very loose on the axles and rickety looking. Place in the middle of the platform a big basket of wicker-work, (a wash woman's basket on a large scale,) half filled with hay and just long enough to let you stretch your legs out when sitting up straight. A seat for the driver in his long leather coat, so placed that he sits higher than his passengers. Two scraggy, tough little broncos to pull it, one in the shafts with the high wooden arch over his head, which serves to hold the shafts together and at the same time to bind them to the collar by which the draft is made—the other attachment by a loose whiffle tree, on one side a single rein, pulling his head down and out as far as a check attached to the shafts will allow. Such is a poor sketch of the most common vehicle in this part of Russia, the "brachka" as it is called, or when a horse runs on either side, a "troika." Sometimes a folding cover is provided, and then it is called a "tarantass." Sometimes the basket is replaced by a box or sort of platform on which four people sit, back to back.

The buck-board form is, however, universal and gives a swaying, jerky motion to the vehicle, which is not so bad on a smooth road but becomes horribly tiresome on the rough roads, which seem to be the rule here. Off went our seventy wagons; horses at full gallop in a race for place, drivers yelling and cracking whips, wagons creaking, passengers shouting to friends or to driver. Occasionally along the route, the road would widen out into a dozen tracks and then the drivers would send their horses at tremendous pace to try for a place ahead. To look forward or behind at the mass of plunging horses and swaying wagons threading here or there was a sight to remember. When going along down hill in close order at full gallop, (the shaft horse always trots, however,) it is rather terrifying at first, for they leave only a few feet between the wagons, and when the column is brought to a halt, the horses often climb up on the next wagons' back before they can stop. Again at a halt, the drivers all push up as far as possible, and there is a jam and a crush, apparently inextricable. But on they go again, scrambling for place, swearing at one another and lashing their horses. Away we went for five solid hours, through a country of heavy woods of birch and pine—more or less mountainous, but the slopes not very steep, and the valleys wide and grassy, dotted with clumps of trees. Rain fell at intervals, but was not heavy. It was night-fall with heavy, lowering clouds when we passed through the village of Bakal, going on to the mines where we were to find quarters. We were divided into parties, entertained by two hosts. I fell into the party which was taken high up on top of the mountain; and here in a log house we found a good warm dinner awaiting us. We slept on straw, ten in a room, and I for one had a restless night. We woke at our leader's call at 2:30 A. M.; made a poor toilet, had a rather forlorn breakfast, and then walked through rain and heavy mist a mile and a half down to the other house where we were to find our leader, Tschernycheff. He had lost his voice through a cold, and at the same time seemed to have lost his head, for throughout the day, we were sent about aimlessly

and ignorant of what we were to do. We waited two miserable hours, (which might just as well have been passed in bed,) made a tour of the huge pits where the iron ore is mined, and then again waited—cold and dismal till lunch and departure. Altogether that Sunday is memorable for its discomforts and mismanagement. Our descent was marked by a break about midway of the forty versts, (twenty-five miles,) at the town of Satuka. We were led into an iron smelting plant where they were just ready to make a run of iron into pigs. The fiery liquid streams were beautiful, and still better, gave out an intense heat, very acceptable to our tired, cold bodies. There was also an outcrop in the town which we had to see, and we proceeded on foot up the main street in the midst of a crowd, containing, I should think, nearly every man, woman and child in the town, certainly not less than three thousand. The mass of brakhas and troikas moving and turning in the broad street, the crowd of staring but very good natured natives made a lively picture, and I was sorry that it was too dark to obtain any photographs of the scene. Wet and tired we reached our train at nightfall, and were glad enough to get on some dry clothes and eat some warm dinner.

Tcheliabinsk, Asia, August 13th, 1897.

I find it hard to realize in any adequate degree that I have crossed the Urals, and that Europe is behind me. Last night the sun went down in a golden haze behind the low range of the eastern Ural foothills. I have put the question to myself time and again, to make sure it was so. There is little here to show it. We are again on the Steppe which so far in Siberia differs not at all from the plains of Russia. Only in the weather do we note a marked difference, for after a solid week of rain, fog, damp and discomfort, we are suddenly transported to heat and dust.

August 12, 1897.

Thursday was a memorable day. Leaving Slatonst early, the train pulled up to a small station on the summit of the pass

over the main chain and watershed of the Urals. It was a glorious morning of sun and masses of floating clouds, inspiring and inspiring. We all tumbled out and trooped off through the rather flat and marshy meadows that run all through the ridge summits here; even through the forests, for a mile and a half toward a rocky peak, Alexandrofskiasopka, which rises abruptly above the level ridge. Once on the rocks, it was a sort of race for the summit, which I was the first to reach, though closely followed by B——, R—— and L——; and later by others, chiefly Americans. A magnificent panorama lay beneath us—the most interesting part being, of course, that on the Asiatic side. Range after range of level-topped, tree-clad mountains, with here and there peaks rising, like our own, above the general level. Of these the most prominent was the Taganai group, a little higher than we were, about four thousand feet. Toward the east a level sky-line formed by the distant Siberian plain; with a new feature, many lakes lying in flat basins. The fresh breeze, the unwonted sunshine, the grand shifting cloud masses, the color of rock and forest were all delightful, and we left unwillingly after an hour spent on the summit. At the foot we found some wine, with which we drank adieu to our leader, Tschernycheff, who is replaced by another, Karpinsky. I forgot to say that most of the party stopped short of the summit, on a point a hundred feet below, leaving the craggy ridge for a few of us. We photographed one another in all sorts of seemingly dangerous positions, but there was really no difficulty of any sort there. We returned to lunch, and then the train took us on to Miass. Here we took wagons, ever the same helter-skelter sort of things and drove a short way, passed the lake of Ilmen, to the gold placers, where the whole process was shown us:—the mining of the gravel, which is simple, (it is not very rich,) the washing—the cleaning of the riffles where the gold is caught with quicksilver, and finally the retorting of the amalgam. The sight was novel to a majority of the party. To us familiar with the refined methods of California, the process was crude and wasteful; and

it seemed a wonder that it was profitable. The scene was rendered picturesque by the crowds of workmen and women, (Baskeeri and Tartars,) who stood about in their ragged, clumsy looking garments and straw sandals. The carriages took us up again as evening fell, and a dusty ride of two versts brought us to the town where we had to run the gauntlet again—bowing to left and right of a staring crowd who lined the streets. Our dignity was rather lessened by the village herd of several hundred scrawny cattle which was meandering through the main street at the same time with us. We were landed at the main house of the town, which proved to be a sort of theater, where, amid garlands of evergreens the tables were set for supper—the hospitality of the mine owners. The full moon lighted us on our way to the station.

This morning we made an early start to visit the famous mineral localities near Miass, chiefly in a range of hills known as the Ilmen mountains, and all day long my hammer has been going incessantly. It has been far the most interesting day for the mineralogists, and as I was in luck and made some of the best finds of the day, I felt well repaid for my hard work.

Kychtym, Asia, Aug. 14, 1897.

We awoke this morning to find a lowering, clouded sky and rain. We were up early, and after “tchai” were sent off in batches of thirty at half-hour intervals for a twenty-verst ride to and through a gold mine. The rain had pleasantly laid the dust, and the ride in the fresh damp air with the jingling bells and rapid motion was pleasant. Our way lay for several miles out of Tchliabinsk along the great Siberian road, over which so many exiles have plodded their weary way. It is a broad road, fully one hundred feet wide, rather winding and slightly undulating, but in this part fairly level. The roadbed of granite sand is smooth and good, the first good road we have been on. It runs for long stretches through forests of white birch, and a double row of especially large ones is planted all along, giving a charming effect.

Mednorowdiansk (near Nisckni Tagilsk), Aug. 19, 1897.

We went down the gold mine, to which I referred ; a small, new quartz mine, very clean, lighted by incandescent lights and easy and interesting to see. The mill was primitive, a sort of improved arastra process, and I suppose they may save 50 or 60 per cent of the gold. We were then served to a cold lunch by the mine people, and visited a neighboring village, an entirely new type, which we took to be characteristic of the Siberian Steppe, but it may not be so. The houses are wretched affairs of mud, two-thirds under ground, with a single window flush with the earth, and a heavy roof of earth resting upon birch brush. We went into one of the hovels and found it stuffy and miserable, but despite the earth floor and darkness it seemed clean and habitable. The effect of these low huts, with their dome-like roofs merging with the soil all about, was very queer and miserable.

After returning and looking about the town, we took a train for the next station, Kychtym, this time on the Ural railway, turning toward the north. Oh ! a queer incident in the market at Tcheliabinsk. I stepped out of the carriage to look at some wares in a little booth, and the first article I put my hand on was a *whetstone from New Hampshire!*

The afternoon of the 15th was consumed in preparation for, and discussion of, a fine dinner given by the director of the local iron works. His house was palatial in size, though very plain in finish. The dinner was good and very lively. Before sitting down you are ushered into a side room to partake of the "Sakusska," or appetizer. Here is a table set with a variety of dishes—cold and salt fish, caviar, cold meats, pickles, occasionally some hot stew or made dish, and bread and butter. The proper form is to take first a glass of vodka (the Russian name for pure alcohol), or of the many other drinks set out, such as port, sherry, cognac, bitters, etc.; then a bite of as many of the edibles as you wish, and then another glass of the liquors. Often the Russians eat what would be a good lunch at this table. *Then follows* the proper meal. We had soup, in

which is generally served a sort of doughnut with a chopped meat center (pirogga), then a fish pie. Then roast beef with half a dozen kinds of vegetables served on the same platter, and the whole elaborately decorated with cut vegetables on silver skewers and with pastry forms. Then grouse, the bird being attested by placing on either platter a specimen in full plumage, rather well mounted in some cases. Following this was cauliflower and green peas served with sweet butter sauce. Lastly, a fruit pudding. Sherry, port, beer, claret and white wine were on the table from the beginning, and one took what they wished. Coffee was served after we had left our seats, and the speeches, of which we always had too many, began early in the evening. Before breaking up we had some singing; the Russians, Americans and Germans each in turn giving some characteristic songs. We sang the "Tavern in the Town," and "Swanee River."

(To be continued.)

SONG.

Had my love but eyes to see
The dark held no secrets from me,
Had my love but power to speak
To love had not hurt me so.
But Love is blind, they say,—
And my Love is dumb—I know.
Loving is pain—let them say what they may.
If pain is not all,
All has not come to me,
For love were not pain
Could it once speak, and see.

J. C. '99.





